

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.
Our Louisville Correspondent.
NUMBER VII.

A REVIEW of Dr. Brownson's Lecture on the "Popular Objections" to the Roman Catholic Church, delivered in Louisville, Ky., February 24, 1858.

MR. EDITOR: In a previous article the incidental question was started, whether or not spiritual manifestations (which the lecturer regards as a superstition) had not their origin in Romanism rather than in Protestantism, as he affirms. If the saints in heaven, which are so constantly invoked, can hear the prayers of Roman Catholics; and if a letter can be received from the blessed Virgin to her faithful adorers upon earth, it must be conceded that any correspondence may likewise be held in divers ways—table rappings being of the number. The solution of the difficulty, as to the part the saints enacted, was sought for in one of the conferences, to which we have already alluded, as having taken place at Rome. The difficult point was, how the Virgin Mary or any other saint in heaven "can know the wishes, the thoughts, the devotion, the prayers of the millions who are praying to them in so many different parts of the world at the same time." If she or they were omnipresent—if omniscient as the Godhead, all would be easy to conceive, all would be intelligible; but, as they are no more than finite creatures in heaven, this cannot be. The question then was asked, "How can Mary—how can any saint in heaven hear the multitude of prayers from the multitude of hearts on earth?" "He," the priest, "said in reply, that they were spirits, that they were not like us on earth, but spiritual beings in heaven." How did he know that they were in heaven? To this it was objected, "That their being spirits, embodied or disembodied, did not affect the question. They were finite spirits, and therefore could not pervade the infinite. They were not omnipresent. They were not omniscient. They were only spirits, and not God, who alone knoweth the heart, and therefore who alone knoweth prayer." We are told that this sort of reasoning—Protestant reasoning—seemed to perplex the priest, which perplexity he endeavored to throw off, by saying that there "might be some privilege in the possession of such spirits"—or "that it might perhaps be that God reveals it to them—that being in God's presence they learn it from him." "Perhaps!" All guess work! The lecturer, we would have it borne in mind, regards the "doctrine of spiritual communication" as one of the superstitious "of this nineteenth century;" and that they "sprang from Protestantism." Let us here introduce the evidence of one in further disproof of his untenable assertion. Our witness had been brought up in the monasteries of Italy, and had the honor, himself, of kissing the case which contained the precious document. He tells us that there is a Madonna at Messina, called "la Madonna della lettera," the history of which is preserved in the archives of the cathedral of Messina, which had been "sent down from heaven, and placed on the altar where it now stands, by the hands of angels, for the special protection of the inhabitants." This image of herself, it seems, was manufactured in heaven, at the instigation of the Virgin, and sent as a grateful token of certain Novenas and Triduos held in honor of her. The image, we are also told, "was accompanied by a letter addressed to the bishop, clergy, and laity of the diocese, wherein she assures them of her perpetual protection and favor, in reward of their devotion toward her, and encourages them to continue in rendering her the honors due to her, as the 'mother of God,' 'gate of heaven,' and 'consoler of the afflicted.'" They were more assured by her, that the honors paid to her were not displeasing to her Son, as modern heretics would insinuate. A copy of the letter was obtained with difficulty, which the young monk unfortunately lost, but the substance and form of which he felt confident in remembering. The letter is in Latin, but we will not give it, as it is only a laughable and foolish concoction of the priesthood, to work on the credulity of the Messinians. A word, just here. The fires of *Elma* threaten this image, whilst those of *Vesuvius* threaten to dry up forever the "blood of Januarius!" Will nothing make this Church think?

This is not the only miracle-working image of which there is an account. We have also read of one belonging to the city of Basil. This image was of stone, and drew many a way-worn pilgrim to its feet, from all parts of Italy and France, whereby the priests derived great emoluments. After the Reformation had been instigated by Martin Luther, pilgrimages, as we may suppose, to this wonderful shrine began to be fewer and more distant apart, which falling off or declension the priests endeavored to counteract by forging a letter, addressed to the Basilians, purporting to be from the Virgin Mary herself, as it was "brought by angels who placed it at the foot of the statue." This letter is also in Latin, but is too long for insertion here. Suffice it to say, that it is full of tender reproof, and instruction, too, had her numerous subjects only sought for it. At the close of the letter, she is represented as having thus written: "These things I wish to make known to you; do you ponder what answer is to be returned to me, for I am deeply interested in the subject." Who does not discover the "doctrine of spiritual communication" standing out here in bold relief? The letter ends as follows:

"I am the marble virgin, having signed it with my own hand."
MARY VIRGIN,
The Mother of Jesus.
"Virgo lapidea mea manu subscripsi!"
MARIA VIRGO,
Mater Jesu.
Mormonism, too, is one of the superstitions of the nineteenth century. We condemn it as much as the lecturer, or the good Bishop of our city,

who has also justly condemned it. But we really think that its condemnation comes with a bad grace from them, inasmuch as they are both able advocates of a system or institution which has enacted the Free Love part in the world's great drama. A recent writer thus speaks upon this very subject. He says: "On the accession of Philip V. to the throne of Spain, in 1700, as Archduke Charles of Austria claimed it, a civil war broke out. Philip employed some fourteen or fifteen thousand troops of the king of France. The French troops, under their intrepid leader, M. Legal, took Saragossa. He levied a contribution on the inhabitants and on the convents. The Dominicans came to an open rupture with him, and being familiar of the 'Holy Office,' and Inquisitors, tried first to raise a mob against him, and then excommunicated him for sacrilege. But they had not to do with unarmed citizens and defenceless females. The indignant Frenchman ordered out four regiments of troops, and turned all the wicked fraternity out of the massive buildings of the lordly tribunal. The doors of all the prisons were thrown open, and four hundred prisoners set at liberty. Among them were sixty young women, who were found to be the private property of the three Inquisitors! who had unjustly taken them from their fathers' homes in the city and neighborhood." Again: So great was the outcry against the profligacy of the priests of Spain, as to induce the reigning Pope, Paul IV., to address a brief to the Inquisitors of Grenada, in which they were commanded "to prosecute those priests whom the public voice accused of seduction, and not to pardon one of them." But it seems that the abuse was not confined to Grenada, and another brief was afterwards addressed to all the domains of Philip. The ecclesiastics and Inquisitors in most of the provinces deemed it expedient to give the public notice. But in Seville "the Inquisitors gave the required public notice, and called for information against the guilty, requiring all females thus abused, and all privy to such acts, to inform the Inquisition within thirty days, attaching severe penalties to the neglect or disobedience of the injunction. Then followed a scene unparalleled in the history of the world, but, in the providence of God, it was a true and fearful revelation of Popery. Maids and matrons of the nobility and peasantry, of every rank and situation, crowded to the Inquisition. The fair informers, in Seville alone, were so numerous that all the Inquisitors and twenty notaries were insufficient in thirty days to take their depositions. Thirty additional days had three several times to be appointed for the reception of informations. And finally the multitude of criminals, the jealousy of husbands, and the odium which the discovery threw on auricular confession and the Popish priesthood, caused the sacred tribunal to quash the prosecution, and to consign the depositions to oblivion." Here we have, from two different sources, evidence of the incontinency, not only of the people, but of the priesthood. In a note to the first quotation, the author says, "Talk of Mormonism! It is Christianity compared to such."

We might proceed in our quotations, but we forbear. It is sufficient to say, that the glaring corruptions, unfolded at some of their councils, were so great as to call forth an acknowledgment from the chancellor to one of them, of the "impossibility to prevent the incontinency of the clergy"—that some of the Popes themselves were notorious rakes—and that now, at this very time, clericalism is as rampant possibly as at any other period of Popish history. On the fourth day of February, 1856, attracted by a few persons gathered around some baskets which had been deposited for a moment upon the steps that lead upward toward the church of the Trinita de Monti, from the Piazza de Spagna, we approached the baskets, when there proceeded from one or more of them cries—the feeble, plaintive cries of infants—nine in number—torn away, possibly, from the arms of mothers, by whom and for what purpose? Some of them apparently of recent delivery, at least not many hours after accouchement, and they were now on their way to the foundling hospital. Who were the fathers, and where were the mothers of those helpless infants? We may be here met by the reply, that this does not prove that priests were the fathers of them. Does it prove, however, that they are incapable of the trial or of the deed? Is their conduct in their promenades through the city, so entirely exempt from even the appearance of lechery, that you would suppose they were all created for celibacy, and that therefore the organs of *amative* in them had been purposely omitted? Not at all! They dress for effect—their "put on" winning ways—they have strong, coarse, manly voices, and not the sweet tenor or alto of the *castrato*—they have the flashing eye and ogle which denote that they are "infected with the leprosy of lust." They seem to you to be the very men of whom Shakespeare speaks, when he says:

"Against such lewdness and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery."
So much for the debauchery which grows out of the systems of celibacy and auricular confession, whereby a licentious priesthood may entrap the unsuspecting, yielding female, and destroy her life, light, and chief glory forever—her virtue! Yet, in the very face of history, there are men—bishops even of the Church—to say nothing of the lecturer under review, who would tell us, that "if it," auricular confession, "led to licentiousness or danger, that licentiousness or that danger would have come to light, and there would be tongues enough to tell it." The implication here conveyed, that there has been no development made of such licentiousness, has been fully met by the citations given in this number. Volumes upon the subject would scarcely add to the force and truthfulness of the charge. No, no! That chaste icicle,

"That's curdled by the frost of parent snow,"
hangs not on Peter's temple. You must look for it elsewhere.
A. T. C.
Louisville, March 27, 1858.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

It is known to the Church at large that the undersigned has been elected General Book Agent. I need not say to the initiated that the office is responsible and its duties onerous. Nor need I say to many of my personal friends that I accepted the Agency with reluctance; nothing but a sense of duty induced me to consent to undertake a work so arduous. But my brethren have said under solemn conviction that I should serve the Church in this capacity, and hence the task is attempted.

Having been somewhat familiar with the operations of the Southern Methodist Publishing House from its foundation, and having, to a considerable extent, looked into its condition and prospects, I am prepared to say a few things which I desire my brethren in the ministry and membership to know and well consider.

And first. The institution is safe at present in its pecuniary condition, its assets being far above its liabilities.

Second. Notwithstanding this fact, it need not be concealed from the public that the House, in order to do a prosperous business, needs and must have a larger active cash capital. This the Church must supply, and can supply without any loss to its individual members. Donations of one thousand, five hundred, one hundred, fifty, twenty, five, one dollar each, from those who are able to aid in the grand publishing enterprise of the Church, would at once rid the Publishing House of all its present liabilities, and put into the hands of the Agent a sum quite sufficient to place this great institution in a position where it could do a work that would tell for ages and generations to come upon the destinies of the Church and the world.

The late General Conference, being impressed with the truth of these sentiments, and urged by worthy laymen, resolved to ask the Church for two hundred thousand dollars, to place the Concern at once in such a condition as to meet the demands of the friends of Methodism in the great and growing South. In due time the Financial Secretary will develop his plans for raising this sum. In the meantime, however, those impressed with the importance of the movement should lead off by some noble proposition. Who will be the first? The liberal soul deviseth liberal things.

Let not the timid fear to look this matter in the face. The American Bible Society, the American Tract Society, and many other kindred institutions in both Europe and America, sustain themselves by the annual contributions of their friends; and we ask, may not the Methodists have aid in this benevolent enterprise?

Third. I suggest, that to make the House useful and profitable, its publications must be circulated and read. To circulate them freely, is to insure their perusal. The people will read: it is a reading age, and no man of self-respect, who has the facilities, will fail to read. Reading is essential to common intelligence and to proper mental improvement. The people, I repeat, will read; but,

Fourth. It becomes a matter of interest and duty with the Church to know and in some measure direct in what the people shall read. The press must be sanctified by the Church and made tributary to the spread of gospel truth. The field is before us, and if we sleep, the enemy will sow tares therein, and the harvest will be the bitter fruits of Bodom. The Southern Methodist Church has undertaken to cast good seed into the earth, and asks the aid of all her friends, that she may sow bounteously and reap bounteously.

Fifth. It is the solemn duty of every minister and member of the Church to exert himself in the circulation of religious publications. Infidels are at work; skeptics are busily employed; and why should not Christians be on the alert?

We most sincerely ask the co-operation of our brethren in every portion of the Church in the circulation of the books and periodicals of our Connection. Reader, will you do something? Fix the purpose in your heart, and rise right up and go at once to work.

We appeal to those indebted to the Publishing House. Many owe for books sent out by my predecessors. The sums are comparatively small, but they constitute the capital of the Concern, and must be paid, and paid without delay. Reader, how much owest thou? Rest not an hour until you pay the debt; it is a debt of honor; it is the life-blood of your Book Concern, and if you withhold it, you are weakening the institution and destroying its power of doing good. It is a small matter for you to pay what you owe the Agent; but when all those small sums come together, it enables him to cancel large liabilities. Our friends must pay their indebtedness, or injure the Church and its institutions.

Sixth. Send orders for books until the various Annual Conferences shall determine the question of local depositories; let our brethren continue to trade with the Agent, being sure to order nothing which will not be paid for in due time.

THE PERIODICALS OF THE CHURCH.

These should be more amply sustained. We say nothing now specially pertaining to the weekly papers; but we do ask a much larger patronage for the Quarterly Review, Home Circle, and Sunday School Visitor.

The first we are anxious to retain in the Church, but it will be discontinued at the end of the present year unless it meets a better support than heretofore. If we can procure three thousand paying subscribers at \$2 by the first of December next, we will issue the volume for 1859. Surely that number can be easily obtained. If every traveling preacher will subscribe for it, and will procure one additional subscriber, the work will be done, and the Quarterly will be continued and greatly improved in several respects, because we shall have the means for improvement. It ought

to have five thousand paying subscribers, and will have, if each will do his duty.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—We shall not be content till the list of this periodical reaches twenty thousand. When this shall have been done, the Editor and Agent can make it a work that will be an honor to our Church, and an ornament to Southern literature. Send in the subscribers by scores and hundreds; let them come from every quarter of the Church.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL VISITOR.—Here the House has been crippled. To make this lovely little Visitor worthy a place in the nurseries and Sabbath-schools of the country, the Agents have been required to spend more means than they could well spare. It must have more patronage, or the children of the land will suffer for want of instruction.

CONCLUSION.

I now say to all the friends of the Church everywhere, that if they will lend a helping hand, I will work willingly and faithfully in promoting the interests of the Church committed to my care; and with the hearty co-operation and harmonious efforts of all, I believe we will succeed; but if these interests flag, the sin shall lie at the door of the Church. The duty of the Agent, by the blessing of God, shall be faithfully performed, and if he fail of success, he will not bear the blame. Fail! No, that is a word we have never learned to apply. It is not Methodistic: it is not Christian. Fail!! Methodists have not been accustomed to fail. Let every man do his duty, and success is sure.

Give us then, brethren, your good will, your prayers, your patronage, and the "sinews of war," and in a few years, by the blessing of God, you will reap a rich harvest where you now sow piteously.

J. B. McFERRIN, Agent.

Nashville, June 30, 1858.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

BY R. C. TRENCH.

Pour forth the oil—pour boldly forth;
It will not fail until
Thou findest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

Make channels for the way of love,
Where they may broadly run,
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them, every one.

But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide;
The very fountains of love, for us,
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above:
Ceasing to give, we cease to have.
Such is the law of love.

MANLINESS OF SPEECH.—A lecture recently delivered in Carlisle, England, by the Rev. A. Murrell, contained the following amusing, but instructive passage:

The point to which I have next to direct attention, is manliness of speech. There are many young men who seem to consider it essential to manliness, that they should be masters of slang. The sporting world, like its brother, the swell mob, has a language of its own; but this dog-English extends far beyond the sporting world. It comes with its hordes of barbarous words, threatening the entire extinction of genuine English! Now just listen for a moment to our fast young man, or the ape of a fast young man, who thinks that to be a man he must talk in the dark phrasology of slang. If he does anything on his own responsibility, he does it on his "own hook." If he does anything remarkably good, he calls it a "stunner," the superlative of which is a "regular stunner." If a man is requested to pay a tavern bill, he is asked if he will "stand Sam?" If he meets a savage looking dog, he calls him an "ugly customer." If he meets an eccentric man, he calls him a "rummy old cove." A sensible man is a "chap that is up to the snuff." A man not remarkable for good sense, is a "cake"—a "flat"—a "spoon"—a "stick"—"his mother does not know he is out." A doubtful assertion is to be "told to the marines." An incredible statement is all gammon. Our young friend never scolds, but "blows up"—never pays, "stumps up"—never finds it difficult to pay, but is "hard up"—never feels fatigued, but is "used up." He has no hat, but shelters his head beneath a "tile." He wears no neckcloth, but surrounds his throat with a "chooker." He lives nowhere, but there is some place where he "hangs out." He never goes away or withdraws, but he "bolts"—he "slopes"—he "mizzles"—he "makes himself scarce"—he "walks his chalks"—he "makes his tracks"—he "cuts his stick"—or what is the same thing, he "cuts his lucky." The highest compliment you can pay him is to tell him that he is a "regular brick." He does not profess to be brave, but prides himself on being "plucky." Money is a word which he has forgotten, but he talks a good deal about "tin," and the "needful," the "rhino," and the "ready." When a man speaks, he "spouts"—when he holds his peace, he "shuts up"—when he is humiliated, he is "taken down a peg or two," and "made to sing small." He calls his hands "paws," his legs "pins." To be perplexed, is to be "flummoxed"—to be disappointed, is to be "dished"—to be cheated, is to be "sold"—to be cheated clearly, is to be "done brown." Whatsoever is fine, is "nobby"—whatsoever is shabby, is "seedy"—whatsoever is pleasant is "jolly." He says "blessed if he does this," "blowed if he does that," "hanged if he does the other thing; or he exclaims, "my eyes!" "my stars!" If you ask him which were his stars he would be "flummoxed." Then he swears: "By George"—"by the pipe"—on select occasions he selects "the pipe that played before Moses." Now a good deal of this slang is harmless; many of the terms are, I think, very expressive; yet there is much in slang that is objectionable. For example, as Archdeacon Harmer observes in one of his sermons, the word "governor" as applied to father, is to be reprehended. I have heard a young man call his father the "relieving officer." Does it not betray, on the part of young men, great ignorance of the paternal and filial relationships, or great contempt for them? Their father is, to such men, merely a governor—merely the representative of authority. Innocently enough, the expression is used by thousands of young men who venerate and love their parents; but only think of it, and I am sure you will admit that it is a cold, heartless word when thus applied, and one that ought forthwith to be abandoned.

MADNESS.—There is a certain degree of madness connected with anger. The angry man is brutishly insane. This is so wherever we see it; whether in the conduct of a Xerxes, who flogged the waves, and cast fetters into the sea to bind it, or in its constant outbreaks around us.

Rev. Mr. Bowman.

Extracts from the Forthcoming Life and Times of Rev. W. Patton.

Rev. John Bowman was, in many respects a remarkable man. He was admitted on trial in the Western Conference, at its session at Liberty Hill, commencing October 1, 1808, in connection with William Young, William Winans, and fourteen others, and the first year was sent to the Fairfield Circuit, that lay somewhere in Ohio, to travel with the lamented Ralph Loutsiech. The next year he was removed to a circuit in East Tennessee, and thenceforward his name disappears from the minutes until the Conference held at Fountain Head, November 1st, 1812, when again he was admitted on trial, and sent to the Wabash country. From that time, until the close of the year previous to this, he stood as an effective preacher, doing effective service in various circuits in Kentucky and Tennessee. He was at this time, however, failing in strength, and was on this circuit as a supernumerary preacher, and on the list of supernumerary, or list of superannuated preachers, he remained until his death, which occurred September 25th, 1847, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He died in great peace, leaving considerable sums of money to various benevolent institutions. Among other bequests he left one thousand dollars to the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, South, and a considerable sum to the American Colonization Society. He was never married, had some property when he entered the ministry, and by taking care of this and living economically, he lived well, and was able to make these bequests at his death.

As a preacher, Mr. Bowman was rather above the ordinary grade, especially as to the extent and accuracy of his acquaintance with the doctrines of Christianity, as held and taught by the Methodist Church; and tenets opposed to these found no favor with him, nor did he even show them much mercy. The Constitution and Discipline of the Church he understood most thoroughly. The writer of this knew him to set Bishops and *pro tem.* Presidents of Conferences right on questions of Church law, in more cases than one, and sometimes he did it in a way that was anything else than flattering to the self-complacency of the parties concerned. An instance or two might be given, but that the parties are still alive.

He had a most sovereign contempt for any and everything like insincerity or dissimulation, and rarely suffered an occasion to pass without rebuking such, sometimes very sharply. A case occurred while he was travelling a circuit in Western North Carolina. He was spending a day, or part of a day, at a house where there were three or four small, badly governed, and rather unruly children. The father was buying himself with his affairs out of doors, and the mother occupied a good portion of her time in reproving and scolding the children—of course protesting they were much worse when any stranger was about. She would order this one and then the other—threaten first with one thing then another, until at last she began to threaten them with "uncle Bowman!" and it was, "Quit that, or I'll make uncle Bowman whip you!" "behave yourself, or I'll make uncle Bowman whip you." Finally, as if out of all patience, she addressed the preacher, who was quietly reading by the fire, "Brother Bowman, I do wish you would whip these children!" "Well, replied the old man, 'I suppose I can,' and, laying down his book, he went out, got a switch, gently flogged every one of them, then took up his book and resumed his reading. As might have been expected, the good sister got furiously mad. "She didn't thank anybody for whipping her children." To which the old gentleman merely replied in his quiet way, "You asked me to do it—I supposed it would accommodate you, and I thought, with you, they needed a little." It was the last time he was ever asked to whip children in that family.

Many, whose acquaintance with Mr. Bowman was but partial, regarded him a morose, capricious, querulous man, possessing little or none of those finer feelings which adorn human nature, and of a disposition that found more gratification in treating people roughly than any other way. But in this they greatly mistook his true character. He was plain—even blunt in his manners—but not coarse or ascetic in his feelings. Few men were ever more warmly attached to his friends, or more ready to sympathize with or aid them when in his power. Beneath a rough exterior, there was a deep vein of strong and sincere kindness, though the manifestation of it was in such a manner as led many to mistake its nature.

As a Christian, few men of any country or age ever lived more humble, more devoted to God, more regular and faithful in the discharge of their duties, or enjoyed more of the sweet influences of the love of God in the heart. The writer was often and much with him, in public, in families, and in the place of secret prayer. Many valuable lessons did he learn from his life, and much instruction and encouragement did he receive from attentively observing his quiet spirit, his upright walk, his well-timed and instructive conversations, and, more than all, the fast hold his spirit took on God, through the merits of Christ, and the strong faith he exercised in the Redeemer of the world.

Many interesting and instructive incidents, which came under the observation of the writer, might be related of him, could they properly be introduced here. He left the "odor of a good name," and has gone where the wicked cease from troubling.

BISHOP SOULE.

From page 80 et seq. of the same work we extract the following:

"The Conference for the year 1829, met again in the town of Abingdon, Virginia, Bishop Soule presiding. On his way to that place, an incident or two occurred with the good Bishop, which may bear relating, especially as they have never before appeared in print. Passing on horseback through the upper part of East Tennessee, he fell in, one Sabbath morning, with a local preacher of that section, on his way to an appointment at a meeting-house in the eastern part of Grainger county, called *Moor's Chapel*. The Bishop had heard of the appointment, and was making for the same place to spend the Sabbath at church. It was late in the season, and the roads, never very good, were wet and exceedingly muddy. Neither being known to the other, they at first merely passed the usual salutations. But as they slowly trudged through the mud, the curiosity of the local preacher was aroused, and he ventured to ask, 'Traveling, sir?' 'Don't you see I am,' said the Bishop. 'Yes, sir; which way are you going?' 'Along the road,' was the prompt reply. A long silence followed, during which they rode a considerable distance. At length the Bishop grew curious, and turned to the preacher with, 'Are you traveling?' 'Don't you see I am,' replied the preacher. 'Yes, but which way are you going?' continued the Bishop. 'Along the same road,' quickly replied the preacher. This was a little too much for the gravity of either, so, after a pleasant laugh, they threw off all restraint, introduced

themselves, went to church, worshipped together, and formed an acquaintance, and it is believed, an attachment with and for each other that lasted until the preacher went to his reward. A son of this preacher was presented this year to the Conference for admission on trial; when the Bishop heard the name, he immediately asked if he were related to the preacher he had seen; and, on being informed he was his son, remarked, 'If he be at all like his father, I advise you to take him.'

A little further on his way to the seat of the Conference, the Bishop lodged at a country inn, where, in the absence of the proprietor, an Irishman in his employ, as a man of all work, was master of ceremonies. It happened the proprietor was absent when the Bishop called. Patrick received him with great politeness, and had him and his horse well attended. Soon after supper, the Bishop retired, and soon after he retired the landlord came home. Patrick, always eager to please, and to be the first to tell good news, met him at the door with, 'An it's a stranger we have with us the night, as a rare gentleman he is, too.' 'Ah! and who is it?' inquired the landlord. 'Faith, an I dunno his name at all, at all; but I'm shure he's a bishop, or a general, or so be it.'

Whoever remembers the Bishop, as he appeared thirty years ago, will at once understand how this impression was made on Patrick's mind. A man of more dignified appearance than Bishop Soule was rarely ever seen.

OUR GOOD WIVES.—Sir Thomas Moore, author of the *Utopia*, in one of his satirical moods, declares that a man about to be married is like one who should thrust his hand into a sack containing ninety-nine vipers and one eel, in hopes of drawing out the eel.

One of his contemporaries, in commenting on the bitter comparison, asserts that it should be exactly reversed, and that the proportion of good wives to bad, is as ninety-nine eels to one viper.

Without committing ourselves to any arithmetical estimate as to the exact ratio of good wives to bad, we do not hesitate to avow the belief that the proportion of good wives greatly exceeds that of good husbands. In our peregrinations through the world we are constantly amazed at the contrasts presented between the dictatorial, selfish, clownish lords of creation, and the submissive, refined, tender and true hearted beings inevitably bound to them. Many a coarse churl passes his whole wedded life without any appreciation of the faithful, gentle, loving wife, who, in such a keeping is like "a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear," or like a precious pearl in the possession of the stupid officer that embraces it.

Without taking up the cudgel in defence of woman's rights in general, we readily grant that one unquestionable right of good women is the right to better husbands than many of their possessors. The world is full of satires upon marriage, and from Juvenal down, innumerable have been the pasquinades against vixens, shrews, female caudles, and all the varieties of the wretched vessel. The comic writers of all ages have made marriage the theme of their witicism, and have exhausted epithet in portraying the plagues of matrimony; but these merry gentlemen have never succeeded in writing marriage out of fashion. The world may laugh at the joke, but it steadily goes on marrying and giving in marriage, and there is no evidence that the candidates for the honors of celibacy are increasing. Women may be laughed at, but they are still loved, and the great majority of them are worthy of the homage they receive. A sensible, well bred, affectionate and pious wife is, after all, the best earthly blessing, and no man can too highly estimate the value of the woman, who, having looked her destiny with his, lives first for God, and next for her husband; preferring his interest and happiness to her own; proving his sweet companion in hours of ease, his gentlest nurse in sickness, his firmest friend in adversity, his best counselor in perplexity, and his joy and crown in prosperity. Such a blessing is not of earthly origin, for a good wife, is "from the Lord."—*Central Presbyterian*.

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.—In the life of Rev. John Clark, late of Chicago, by Rev. B. M. Hull, is a chapter showing that Mr. Clark, when on the Plattsburg district, New York Conference, had some great and successful camp meetings. On page 63 is this incident.—*W. C. Advocate*.

A curious case occurred at one of his camp meetings: A young man by the name of C—, who was rich and wild, attended the meeting. Having a fine pair of horses and a pleasure wagon, he usually brought with him several of his wild associates; and they often visited the tavern in the village, about a mile distant from the place of meeting. There they indulged in the use of the fiery beverage, of which they were quite fond, till they chose to return to the ground. There was a young minister in attendance who was very gifted, and active in the prayer meetings, where he proved himself useful. Such meetings were often held in front of the stand, and hundreds would unite in the devotions. The young preacher was very neat in his personal appearance, and wore a very good, nicely-fitting coat. C— told his companions that he would cut off that preacher's skirt in the evening, and they were all ready to urge him on to perform the feat. Accordingly, they were in waiting, and C— watched his opportunity. When, in the prayer meeting, the young man was engaged in prayer in the midst of the ring, and, oblivious to all but the work in which he was employed, pressing cautiously through the crowd of kneeling worshippers, he reached his position. But it was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution, lest some one might chance to detect him in the act, and so he partly kneeled back to back with his victim. Taking out his knife, which he had made keen for the purpose, he put his hands softly behind him, and gently holding the skirt, he cut it off. Then, quietly creeping from the circle, he hastened to his company at the wagon, saying: "Boys, I have done it," and they rode off to the tavern to drink and make merry. Having obtained and drunk the intoxicating liquid, C— turned from the bar, and his posterior appearance arrested the attention of the barkeeper, who exclaimed, "C—, they have docked you!" And, sure enough, he had his own skirt carefully placed in his bosom, while his intended victim had escaped all harm. The laugh was turned, of course; and poor C— heard not the last of it for many years. But he formed the resolution to refrain from mischief at camp-meeting; and many years later, when he had become a tee totaller, expressed his strong conviction that God guided that knife.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young man, not a little of the old man, and very little of the new man."

It is the duty of women to be virtuous; it is their privilege to appear so. Many forget their duties, but all remember their privileges.

*Certain days, set apart for particular worship of the Popish gods. The first being of nine days duration, the latter three.